

# FUN

SECTION OF  
THE NEW YORK WORLD  
SUNDAY, JUNE 7<sup>th</sup> 1914.  
8 PAGES



WHEN IT'S ORANGE BLOSSOM TIME IN JUNGLE LAND.

### **His Happiest Moment.**

**A** BACHELOR of considerable wealth was much sought after by many of the most charming young women of the town. A very pretty maiden was sure she had brought him almost to the point of a proposal.

"What was the happiest moment of your life?" she asked, while they were taking a stroll one evening.

"The happiest moment of my life," answered the bachelor, with a reminiscent smile, "was when the jeweler took back an engagement ring and gave me some cuff links in exchange."

### **A Poor Job**

"I am inclined to think," said a man, "that our friend, Mr. Grafton Grabb, was created on the Sabbath."

"For what reason?"

"We are told that an honest man is the noblest work of the Creator, and also that on the seventh day the Creator rested."

### **More Sensible**

**"L**OOK out for counterfeit two-dollar bills," said the butcher.

"What's the use?" replied the grocer, who was trying to do a cash business. "I would rather see a few genuine ones."

### **Obvious.**

**"H**OW do you know that nice young man we met last night was a bachelor?"

"Why, he was telling us all evening how to bring up children."



"Coney Island isn't what it was."  
"Oh, I don't know. I think it's more so than it used to be."



"Oh, yes, I forgot one thing: You may send me a quart of split peas, and be sure they're fresh."

### **A Friend in Need.**

**"T**is all over between Van Snyder and Miss Fitz. An hour before the wedding was to have taken place the sheriff came and escorted him off to jail."

"What was the charge?"

"Not a cent. Van and the sheriff are old friends."

### **Might Need It.**

**BARBER**—I suppose you wish I wouldn't give you so much of my chin, don't you?

**CUSTOMER**—Never mind! I may need some of it to patch up with before you get through.

### **Mary's Dot.**

**"W**HY, my dear, what is the house all torn up for? You're not going to move, are you?

"Oh, no, indeed! Our Mary was married last week, and she just took away the things she thought belonged to her."

### **The Right Way.**

**EDITOR**—The only way to succeed in the newspaper business is to give the people what they want.

**FRIEND**—Have you got a ten-dollar bill you can let me have?

### **The Announcement.**

**"T**VE asked you three times to marry me and you've refused—do you think that's fair?"

"Yes—to the man I'm engaged to."

### **Why the Bills Come In.**

**T**HE man whose wife and three daughters always dressed in the newest style was settling the usual monthly bills.

"History may repeat itself," he observed, with something like a weary lift to his eyebrows, but Fashion never does."

### **The Cause.**

**"H**OW hoarse you are this morning!"

"Yes, my husband got home very late last night."

### **Hindered.**

"Woman is making giant strides forward these days."

"I don't see how she does it."

### **On Its Way.**

"Can she keep a secret?"

"She can keep it going."

### **Like One of the Family.**

**M**ARY, the domestic servant employed in a suburban household, the members whereof are not on the most amicable of terms, recently tendered her resignation, much to the distress of the lady of the house.

"So you are going to leave us?" asked the mistress, sadly. "What's the matter, Mary? Haven't we always treated you like one of the family?"

"Yes, ma'am," replied Mary; "indeed you have, and I've stood it as long as I'm going to."

### **Sensible.**

**"W**ILL you have the pastry or ice cream?" he inquired solicitously.

"Both, please," she said demurely.

### **The New Cook**

"I hear that you have a college graduate for a cook. Isn't that rather expensive?"

"Not very. She works for her board and clothes."

"Why, how does she come to do that?"

"She's my wife."



"Jack wants me to teach him some new steps."

"Don't do it. He does quite enough damage with the steps he knows now."



## A Wonder.

"BJORNSSON is an inventive genius."

"What has he done?"

"Went home late every night for a month with a different story each time."

## A Head.

"Jones has an infallible rule for getting ahead."

"What is it?"

"Champagne and beer."

## Lucky Fisherman

"Hello, Dobson! Any luck yesterday when you were fishing?"

"Great! I was away when six bill collectors called."

## Between Love and Duty.

"I want to talk to you about becoming your son-in-law," said the young man.

"I can't advise you on the subject of becoming a member of the family," replied the father of the young woman in the case. "As your sincere friend, I ought to speak freely, but as a husband and father I am restrained."



Col. Sayback—You can't tell me you're English, young fellow. Why, you don't even drop your h's.

Mr. Tewksbury-Podd—No, me walet attends to that for me.

## Well Kept.

"I wonder how it is that Goodfellow keeps his friends so long?"

"He doesn't wear them out."

## Just Awful.

"Don't you think a girl should marry an economical man?"

"I suppose so; but it's awful being engaged to one."

## Literally.

"Suppose I give you some camel's hair underwear for your birthday?"

"I'd be tickled to death."

# FUN



## Sunday, June 7.

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NOTE—Manuscripts and illustrations are submitted at the owner's risk. Contributors to FUN who desire the return of rejected manuscripts and illustrations must in all cases inclose sufficient stamps for that purpose.

## Her Birthday Present.

AN attractive little girl at a party was being questioned about a fine doll she had just received for her birthday. The mother was beaming with delight at the attention her daughter was receiving, when the little girl said: "Why, do you know, the hair on my doll's head comes off just like mamma's."

## Not Julie—Yet.

She was very literary and he was not. He had spent a harrowing evening discussing authors of whom he knew nothing, and their books of which he knew less.

Presently the maiden asked, archly:

"Of course you've read 'Romeo and Juliet'?"

He floundered helplessly for a moment and then, having a brilliant thought, blurted out, happily:

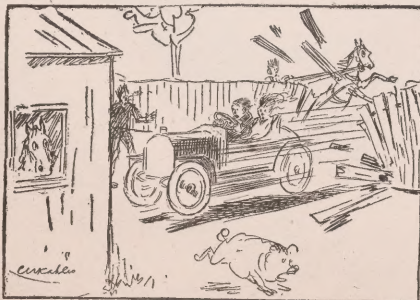
"I've read 'Romeo'!"

## A Give-Away.

"I'M beginning to have doubts about my husband's abstinence."

"Why so?"

"He's never comfortable unless he's in a reclining position with his left leg slightly raised."



Baseball Chatter—"Plenty of speed, but no control."

## Betwixt and Between.

"HOW I dislike the word 'economy'!"

"On what grounds?"

"It is such a queer thing. The world condemns us if we don't practice it, and despises us if we do."

## Tight.

"Old Richleigh is a distant relative of yours, isn't he?"

"Distant? He's the closest relative I've got."

## Cutting.

"CONGRATULATE Me, old chap.

I'm going to marry money."

"What! A perfect stranger?"



PROPRIETOR—Oh, we do all our ironing by electricity.

CUSTOMER—I thought as much. Those shirts look as if they'd been struck by lightning.

## Recompense.

THE Nomad chieftan gloomily contemplated the dreary Syrian landscape.

The wedding guests were long departed. He had but a moment since beheld his bride of a few hours remove her teeth and put them in a can of water to soak.

"Dismiss from thy heart, good my lord," the damsel murmured, "thy vain regrets."

Upon the word the pious Moslem extended his clasped hands toward the heavens.

"Allah be praised!" he cried. "If I mistake not, her old man must ere this have discovered that the horse I gave him in exchange for his daughter is balky."

Tears of joy welled unheeded from his eyes as he gave thanks.



## A Culinary Puzzle.

**I**N our dainty little kitchen,  
Where my aproned wife is  
queen  
Over all the tin-pan people,  
In a realm exceeding clean.  
Oft I like to loiter, watching  
While she mixes things for tea;  
And she tasks me, slyly smiling,  
"Now just guess what this will be!"

Hidden in a big blue apron.  
Her dimpled arms laid bare,  
And the love-smiles coyly mingling  
With a housewife's frown of care—  
See her beat a golden batter,  
Pausing but to ask of me.  
As she adds a piece of butter.  
"Now just guess what this will be!"

Then I bravely do my duty.  
Guess it, "pudding," "cake" or  
"pie,"  
"Dumplings," "waffles," "bread" or  
muffins;"  
But, no matter what I try.  
This provoking witch just answers:  
"Never mind, just wait and see!  
But I think you should be able.  
Dear, to guess what this will be."

Little fraud! she never tells me  
Until 'tis baked and browned—  
And I think I know the reason  
For her secrecy profound—  
She herself, with all her fine air  
And her books on cookery,  
Could not answer, should I ask her.  
"Dearest, what will that mess be?"  
—ELLIS PARKER BUTLER.

## A Cheerful Outlook.

**M**R. NEWLYWED and his wife  
were climbing one of the  
highest peaks in the Adirondacks,  
and she stood, some twenty feet  
above him, gazing in admiration at  
the wonderful view.

"What," he gasped—"what do you  
see?"

"Far, far below," she cried, "I see  
a long white streak, stretching like  
a paper ribbon back almost to our  
hotel."

"Ha, ha!" he ejaculated. "It's that  
hotel bill overtaking us."

## A Prophet.

**"T**HIS infant may some day make  
himself heard in the world,"  
said the clergyman about to christen  
a baby boy.

And the next moment when the  
youngster felt the cold water the  
good clergyman's words came true.



**T**HE Golf Girl is always up to "form."  
When matrimony is one of the hazards  
of the game, she "aims for the (long) green"  
with her brassie.

A "dormy three-down match" is no match  
for the match she is liable to make at a  
single lucky stroke.

And this is no "bad lie."

## A Rich Man's View.

**"W**HAT a lovely sunset!"

"It ought to be. We're paying  
enough for it!"

## Cruel.

**"M**Y, but getting married is an awful  
trial, isn't it?" said the young lady  
busily engaged with her trousseau.

"Yes, but nowhere near as severe as the  
sentence the lucky fellow gets," said the cyni-  
cal bachelor.

## Sure Enough.

**"W**ELL, honey, our honeymoon's over."  
"Why, dear, do you say that?"

"Well, I've just balanced up my checkbook  
and it's tipping over backward."

## The Reason.

**"I**S your wife going abroad again this  
year?"

"No, she heard some one say travel broad-  
ened one."

## Easy.

Mrs. Brown—Does  
the new baby require  
much care?

Mrs. Smith—No, he  
sleeps all day and his  
father walks the floor  
with him all night.

## Never.

**"D**OES your tailor  
ever send in his  
bill?"

"Not now. It is so  
big he couldn't get it  
in without taking half  
the side out of the  
house."

## Certainly.

"I understand that  
that young man who  
takes you to church  
never enters."

"That is not true,  
Ma; he always goes in  
when it rains."

## Where Practice Makes Perfect.

"Where does Clubbly get his talent as a story-teller?"

"Probably from practising on his wife."



"Sorry, Miss, but this car doesn't go to the Grand Central Station."

"Oh, couldn't you take it there for my sake. I'll miss my train if  
you don't."

## The Scorcher's Farewell to His Wheel.

**M**Y motor-bike! my motor-bike! I could not live a day and know that  
that standest meekly by,  
I shall scorch no more.  
With thy engine slick and throbbing They tempted me, my motor-bike!—  
kick and motor geared so high, for hunger's power is strong,  
Fret not to roam the country now They tempted me, my motor-bike!—  
with all thy wondrous speed; but I have wheeled too long.  
I may not mount on thee again— Who said that I have given thee up?  
thou'rt sold, my silent steed. Who said that thou wast sold?  
The stranger hath the bill of sale 'Tis false! 'tis false, my motor-bike!  
that takes thee from my porch. I fling them back their gold.  
I have his gold, and ne'er again shall Thus, thus, I leap upon thy back!  
I upon thee scorch. Now purr for all you're worth.  
I ne'er shall scorch again! Away! Away! Who overtakes us now must  
The fevered dream is o'er. chase us round the earth!

## Ciderside Notes.

By Isaac Anderson

(Fun's Special Correspondent.)

**C**IDERSIDE, June 5.—The J. Ogden Atwoods gave a reception and dance last Wednesday evening in honor of the appearance of the first radish in their model garden.

Walt Tuttle took a trip to the city last week, and rumor has it that he got measured for a suit of tailor-made clothes. Don't forget to invite us to the wedding, Walt.

Sid Trimble is nursing a badly sunburned nose as a result of being too tired to move when the afternoon sun got around to where he was sitting one day last week.

Hen Thompson has just received a consignment of antique furniture from Grand Rapids. Hen says his summer boarders are always looking for chances to buy family heirlooms, and he hates to disappoint them.

It used to be generally conceded that Rich Osgood was the swellest dresser in these environs, but that was before young Sam Barlow came home from college.

## Re-Pair?

**S**HE was a Reno peach. "My dear,"

I asked, "Whatever brings you here?"

The lady answered in despair.

"I've come out this way to re-pair."

## The Solution.

**I**T was on a street car.

"Look here," said the inspector, "there are twelve people on the car and you've only got eleven fares rung up."

The conductor thought a moment, then he stepped inside the car and addressing the passengers, said, "One of you will have to get off."

## Pretty Bad.

"I saw Jones trying to get home from his club last night and he had his hands full."

"Heavens! Even his hands?"

## The Trouble With the Star.

**T**HE theatrical manager leaned wearily against the desk in the office of the hotel.

"Well, how goes it?" said the clerk.

The manager shrugged his shoulders without replying.

"Good business?"

The manager evaded the question. "I'm afraid we may have to close before the season's over. My star's sick. When she comes to the theatre at night she's hardly able to get through her work. She says she can't eat anything."

Just then the telephone bell rang.

The clerk turned to answer it. After listening for a moment he said: "Wait till I get a pencil. I've got to write that down."

As he wrote he repeated: "Mock turtle soup, soft shell crabs, porterhouse steak, half a chicken, mashed potatoes, peas, string beans, tomato salad, ice cream, strawberries and coffee. Whew!" Then he shouted into the phone: "How many is that dinner for? One? Whew!"

Then he turned to the manager. "That's your 'star's' dinner," he said quietly.

## The Finishing Touch

**"S**AY, Jedge, will ye jine us?"

Baldy Splicer, Justice of the Peace, notary public and aider and abettor of lawful wedlock in Connubial Corners, was sighing because the hotel porters had thus far that day failed to round up a \$2 brace of matrimonially inclined lovers at the trains, when the door of his office opened and the red face of Hank Biffer, the local hackman, was thrust in.

"Say, Jedge, will ye jine us?" he repeated.

"Did I ever refuse a drink, Hank?" Justice Splicer said reproachfully, as he leaped to his feet.

"I don't mean a drink, Jedge," faltered Hank; "I mean, will ye jine Bridget an' me?"

As he spoke he shot into the room as if shoved from behind, and a tall, rawboned woman of forty appeared in the door and bowed to the Justice. She was six inches taller than Hank and her hair was aggressively red.

"Wal, I'll be jiggered! Goin' to get hitched, air ye?" cried the astonished Justice.

"Yep," assented Hank.

"We be," nodded Bridget.

"Yes, we been keepin' cumpny a long time an' concluded to have ye jine us," continued Hank.

"But—but—Bridget, didn't ye have Hank arrested fer blackin' yer eye two weeks ago, an' didn't I fine Hank \$5?" stammered the Justice.

"Yes, sor; so yez did," said Bridget with a smile.

"An' Hank, didn't you have Bridget brought before me the next day an' fined \$5 fer fannin' ye with a chair?"

"Guess I did," said Hank, hanging his head, "but them was really only love taps, ye might say, an' we think that when we git hitched legal and broke to harness we'll be pretty steady gaited, Jedge, an' not liable to kick over the traces."

"Ah, I see," said the smiling Justice; "come a little nearer an' I'll jine ye."

Hank and Bridget did as they were bid, the Justice read the simple ceremony that made them a team, with nesses were summoned from an adjoining office, and Hank paid the marriage fee.

The happy pair started for the door, then paused and came back.

"It's all over," said the Justice; "there's nothin' more that I kin do fer ye."

"Yes, there is," Hank said earnestly; "ye've jined us legal all right, we know, but now we wants ye to pul us both under bonds to keep the peace!"



"The idea of your saying we would be late Henry! Why, the boat isn't even in yet."  
"No, and it won't be until to-morrow morning. To-day's last boat is gone."



of steel. Lever action.  
 at you nothing to own it. Write  
 tribute them at 10c each, giving a silver aluminum  
 ET YOU, and take back all your earnest diamonds.

## A Nice Distinction.

IN regard to the question of preference as between bachelor and Benedicts, it is always pleasant to revert to the delicate distinction set forth by Gen. Lafayette in a conversation during his second visit to America. He shook hands with 8,000 men in one day, says the legend, and used but seven words in all. He asked each one: "Are you married?" If the answer was yes, he exclaimed: "Fortunate fellow!" If no, "Lucky dog!" After a long leave, a friend asked how the general could reconcile his congratulations to wedded and single men alike. The Frenchman laughed and answered: "Why, my dear boy, can you not perceive the vast difference between a lucky dog and a fortunate fellow?"

### Samples

"SAVE me a sample of everything the patient takes," directed the young doctor. "He took a kiss this morning," faltered the pretty nurse.



### A Query.

"Why do you love him?" "Because he is a man of many deeds." "But are you sure he will turn them over to you?"

### A Diplomat.

"HERE is an apple, Willie. Divide it generously with your sister."

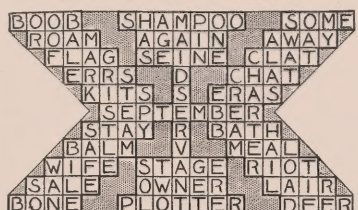
"How shall I divide it generously, mamma?" "Why, always give the larger part to the other person, my child."

Willie reflected for a moment, then he handed the apple to his little sister, saying, "Here, Ethel, you divide it."

## We All Know Them.

"Are your neighbors, the Woolsetons, interesting people?" "Exceedingly so; he is the kind of a man that won't speak to anybody without an introduction, and she is the kind of a woman that borrows everything in your house without being introduced at all."

### Solution to Last Week's Puzzle.



HEREWITH is given the solution to cross-word puzzle No. 22, given in last week's FUN. The diagram shows how the letters should be arranged to fit the list of clues and definitions given.

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## TOP CO COBIT

### How New Yorkers Are Getting Rid of It

#### FREE BOOK TELLS HOW

Frank E. Thayer, Chalmers Park, N. Y., after being tobacco excessively for 26 years and finding it was injuring his health, read information from a free book which enabled him to quit the habit quickly and easily.

#### Health Wonderful Improved.

Geo. Robertson, a railroad man living at Maybrook, N. Y., thought that he could not do his work unless he kept smoking, yet he knew tobacco was hurting him. He had contracted a serious lung trouble. His wife wrote and got a free book which explained how to get rid of the tobacco habit quickly and easily. Now he has no further use for tobacco and his health is improved.

#### Quit After 43 Years.

F. L. Panton, Bolivar, N. Y., was addicted to the tobacco habit, both chewing and smoking, for 43 years. It was doing him a great deal of harm. He read to a book how to quit the habit in three days. The information was followed by him and now he is free from the habit, being in much better health and enthusiastic in advising others to overcome the craving.

#### Free Book Saved Him.

Floyd Nickerson, Rexville, N. Y., was a heavy smoker, and finding that the habit was injuring his health, he tried two remedies to enable him to quit, but they did him no good. He then read above mentioned book for a free book to Edward J. Woods, 3188 Station E, New York City. The information contained in Woods' book enabled the Steuben County man to quit the habit gently and easily. He was a victim of tobacco habit, but he got rid of it in three days by following the information contained in the book above mentioned.

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ORE

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CAME

CALLAHAN

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She asked the young man at the information bureau, and he suggested LEAK EGG ORE. Of course he meant Lake George. He mentioned eleven other places. See if you can guess what summer resorts he meant. Next week's FUN will tell you the places he named, if you can't guess.

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